

# The Religious Inquirer

## AND GOSPEL ANCHOR.

Devoted to the Exposition, Defence and Promulgation of the Christian Religion.

'THOU BRINGEST CERTAIN STRANGE THINGS TO OUR EARS—WE WOULD KNOW, THEREFORE, WHAT THESE THINGS MEAN.'

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### THE INQUIRER AND ANCHOR

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### Communications.

Original.

#### ESSAYS ON DEITY.

Number Three.

#### OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

'He is excellent in power.' Job, xxxvii: 23.

The prevailing views respecting divine power are not calculated to increase human happiness nor display the perfections of the Deity. God is supposed to be a stern and unbending sovereign intending finally to make a very arbitrary disposition of the human race. Such notions have a far greater tendency to alienate human affections than to increase love and adoration. Our attempts now, therefore, will be to present the subject in a more inviting form. One of the first inquiries that press upon the mind relates to the origin of the world around us. Has it existed from all eternity? Or has it been called into being by the voice of an omnipotent Creator? True philosophy informs us that matter can neither create itself nor put itself in motion. There is therefore, an almighty Architect, who is the creator and controller of planets, worlds, and systems of worlds. We call his power infinite because we cannot, even in imagination, assign it any limits. Power is an energy capable of producing certain effects; and the power of an intelligent being is the ability of operating some assigned effect. We shall now illustrate our subject by the scenes of nature, and the truths of revelation. But where shall we commence? God has displayed his creative energy from the most minute atoms to moving worlds.—'The solar system itself' says a beautiful writer, 'forms but an insensible point in the multitudinous marshallings of groups of worlds, above, below, and on every side of us, that spread through all the immensity of space, and in sublime, though silent harmony declare the glory of God, and shew forth his handy work.' Where are human greatness and pride? 'Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou shouldst visit him?'

I. The beauty, grandeur, and pleasing variety

of the seasons agreeably impress the imagination as happy illustrations of divine power. Spring is the season of pleasing hope. Its renovating power produces life in countless forms and imparts joy to the creation. The sun pours forth his all-invigorating rays. 'The small rain' descends 'upon the tender herb, and the showers upon the grass.' Blossoms and flowers spring up all around us. The forest resumes its splendid foliage. Every part of animated nature is full of activity and inexpressible joy. Summer presents her variegated charms. The morning is welcomed by praise from every bush and grove. Every thing breathes sweetness. Every living thing is gathering food, or enjoying repose. All day long life and joy are every where apparent. The evening brings its balmy breezes and fertile dews.—Autumn fulfills the promises of spring. The vegetable kingdom has developed itself and arrived to perfection. But now the splendor of nature's foliage begins to decay. Then comes the change and dissolution of many of the insect and animal tribes. The feathered race assemble in flocks and take their flight to milder climes.—At last the gaiety of spring, the beauties of summer and the luxuriance of autumn pass away, and 'winter shuts the grand scene. The brooks and rivers are locked in icy fetters. By a wise Providence, a torpor seizes that part of animated nature which is prevented by the rigors of the season from obtaining proper supplies of food.—Now comes the threatening storms and chilling blasts. Then, God 'giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?' Nature now reposes, and yet secretly prepares for her mighty changes. What striking; what glorious displays of omnipotent power combined with wisdom! During six thousand years, amidst the revolutions of nature the wonderful changes of time, the Supreme Ruler of the world has thus annually fulfilled his ancient promise:—'While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.'

II. We may go to a still higher source—to that inspired volume which reveals the high and glorious destiny that awaits the intelligent universe. Time, in its rapid flight, repeatedly reminds us that we are mortal. What then is to be our final state? We ask Philosophy in vain. She may penetrate the mysterious laws of nature.—She may learn man

'In fields of air to write his name  
And tread the chambers of the sky,  
And read the stars and grasp the flame  
That quivers round the throne on high;

but as to his future prospects she is as silent as the grave to which we are all hastening. We look to nature. Her annual spring and beautiful changes awaken within us a desire that like the vegetable world and grovelling insect we may arise and display the activity of a new life, and forever dwell in light and joy. Shall God annually renovate physical nature and forsake the offspring of his hand? Man might have searched forever and never 'come to a knowledge of the truth,' had not the Sun of righteousness ushered in a glorious day! 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased,' said the great Father from heaven, his holy habitation! 'I am the resurrection and the life, declared the Son!' He 'travelled in the greatness of his strength,' shouting that he was 'mighty to save.' He finally yielded up his life amidst the reproaches of enemies, the neglect of friends, the frowning heavens, and the lowering sky! Twice the sun went down! The king of terrors reigned in awful triumph! His enemies exulted! His friends despaired! At length the third day dawned! Jesus arose! The victory was complete! 'O death! where now is thy sting! O grave! where now is thy victory!' It was a brighter day than had ever dawned save the morning of creation! The eternal Creator blessed his work and pronounced it good! The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!

c s.

#### THE RUNAWAY BOYS.

Original.

The other day, a friend called on us in great haste and said he could not stay but a short time, for he was in pursuit of two boys, aged about 12 or 14 years, who had eloped from their parents and gone to parts unknown. He stated that the parents of the children were quite anxious about them, especially the mothers; and that they had requested him to exert himself to overtake them, and if possible to prevent their wandering into unknown lands, and cause them to return to the parental roof.

My friend was what we call a partialist—that is to say: he believed God had created a great multitude of dependent creatures—that they had wandered from their rightful owner, and that the 'evil one' was constantly trying to keep them from returning to their father's house—I thought this was a fit opportunity to test the correctness of his faith by applying its principles to the affairs and incidents of life. Accordingly, I commenced by asking him whether he intended to tell the boys that their father loved them and wished their return in order to make them happy? To which he replied, yes. I then told him he represented



the character of a preacher of the Gospel. Men were wanderers from the 'Father of their spirits.' God had sent his son into the world to bring good news, that, though alienated from our father, still we were his offspring, and heirs of immortal bliss. The Son of God sent forth his disciples to proclaim the same glorious tidings, calling it the 'gospel of our salvation.' The disciples in their turn, commissioned others as heralds of peace to declare the truth of what the prophets and disciples of our Lord foretold; and our Limitarian preachers tell us that they are sent of God to invite men home to their father's house.—But how different is their language to that you intend to use to the boys you are after? They tell us that God is our Father and friend and that he is anxious we should turn from our wanderings; and they use many soft winning words to induce us to return; nevertheless, they tell us that unless we do return, our Father will make us as miserable as his power can make us.

Now Sir, should you find the boys you are in pursuit of, and after telling them how much their parents love them, and how much it would be for their interest to return with you to the parental roof; and finding they would not consent to come home with you, should you tell them 'if you don't return with me, your fathers, finding where you are, will use the utmost of their power to make you miserable'—would not the boys turn upon you and say; that is just what we thought about our fathers. We always thought they were hard hearted monsters, and for this we left them; and now you have confirmed us in the bad opinion we had entertained. Now we are more than ever determined to stay away. My friend could but see the force of the comparison, and left me to pursue his way, whether with success or not, I have not as yet learned.

Now Mr. Editor if this narrative is thought worth a place in your useful paper, and you think it will set forth the impropriety of the conduct of our limitarian preachers, you are at liberty to give it to the public. J. C.

*Lebanon, April 1835.*

#### SALUTATORY.

Original.

To all Universalist Institutes scattered abroad, the Universalist Berean Society of Hartford, Ct., sendeth Christian salutation. Brethren we deem it our duty, as well as privilege to lay before you the means we have adopted, to advance 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God.'

We have formed no Institute in this place, for we already have a society, which accomplishes all we could expect from one. This society is called the 'Universalist Berean Society,' and was formed three years ago. We hold our meetings once in seven days, and the following is our order of service. We commence with singing—then the chapter, which comes in course, is read by the President, or by some one, whom we may appoint. A brief illustration of the chapter is given by the President; after which any one can give his views on the subject embraced in it, or ask a further explanation of any part.

A box is laid on the table, into which passages of scripture which are to be illustrated, are placed;

also objections, or any thing which needs explanation. And persons who are inquiring for the truth, or wishing to know what Universalism is, and yet feeling a delicacy about proposing their inquiries, can by this means have them brought before the meeting. When this discussion in relation to the chapter ends, the President proceeds to the illustration of those subjects which are laid upon the table. Essays and communications are read by the authors, or by the President. After this, a hymn is sung, and the meeting closed by prayer to God.

Our officers are a President, a Vice President, a Secretary and Treasurer, all of whom are chosen annually.

We have also in connection with us a society called the 'Universalist Library Association.'—This association have a Library consisting of over three hundred volumes, comprising the standard theological works; all books in illustration of Universalism; and many of the most popular histories, biographies, together with miscellaneous works of a useful and entertaining character.—A Librarian is in attendance every Saturday evening, at which time, the members of the society supply themselves with books.

Brethren, we have been thus particular that you may know that we are not idle, but are co-workers with you, in breaking the chains of mental bondage, and bringing the captive into the glorious liberty of the children of God. We wish you God speed; and in your devotions, 'pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.'

M. H. SMITH President,  
Of the Universalist Berean Society.

#### SPRING.

Original.

How pleasant, how beautiful, and how welcome is the sweet return of spring! Like the return of a long cherished and absent friend, it again revisits us to renew in our bosoms the fond revolutions of departed pleasures. We contemplate the scenes of childhood, and at this particular season of the year, which ever reminds us of youthful innocence, we feel half inclined to believe, that we are transported back to the days of our sportive gambols.

Yes, it comes to us, but not with the cold and dismal howl of winter, or with the scorching rays of a vertical sun; but with loveliness, which spring only presents, it silently approaches to call into action the dormant energies of nature. The cold shroud of winter is rent in twain, and all creation appears as if tuning its harps in praise of its maker, 'who hath made very beautiful in his time.'

The tender blade is springing forth to adorn the fields, and the sweet violet to deck the lonely forest, while the notes of the feathered tribe salute our ears, as they voluntarily—

Chant their Maker's praise.

How lovely is spring! Its balmy gales are hailed by all animated creation; the thousand flocks are grazing upon the hills; the husbandman with the busy hum of industry is going forth

in his strength and pride 'to till the ground, and the mechanic with renewed animation is repairing to his daily labor.

How pleasant are the associations of spring! Emblematical of the resurrection morn, we behold a new order of things springing forth from chaos—the cold barriers of desolation are broken assunder, and we discover a new creation emerging from darkness, singing praises to its universal Creator.

Yes, we love to ruminate upon the beauties of spring; the scene is enchanting but soon it will be passed, and we seem to cast

'A longing, lingering look behind,'

In spring, when all appears in bloom,  
When nature's fields are fresh and fair,  
We like along those fields to roam,  
And breathe the ambient air.

In spring, mild zephyrs gently blow,  
And genial rays descend,  
O! may those pleasures ever flow,  
And never—never end.

E. W. P.

*Leyden, Mass. May, 1835.*

#### The strayed Lamb.

Travelling between Moffat and Dumfries with a friend, we observed a numerous flock of sheep grazing near the road side. It was in the lambing season, so that the eye was struck by the pleasing sight of the innocent lambs gambolling by their mother's sides, fondling about them, and receiving that nourishment which all-provident nature has thus bestowed on them. A verdant field, whitened over by the fleecy tribe, is an interesting spectacle to the admirer of nature, to one who contemplates with gratitude and praise-giving the works of the great Creator; nor will he whose heart is rightly organized, and has not undergone the deneutralizing of criminal enjoyments, cast a look upon the humble flock, without feeling that these gentle, inoffensive animals, feed and clothe him. The features of the lamb have for me a very tender interest: meekness and spotless innocence adorn them, and the train of thought which they excite leads the mind higher and into a deeper and sublimer cast of reflection, than would accord with these hasty and imperfect pages.

We stopped a few minutes to admire the scene, my friend was fond of agriculture, and a smile of kindness and pity, which was mutual between us, evinced what we felt, as the little harmless ones bounded and frisked about, and ever and anon returned to their milky feast. It is sweet, even in the brute creation, to witness maternity; and here it was faithfully depicted. The mute look of love thrown on the minor animal, dependent for support and nutriment on the larger one; the affectionate caresses given and reciprocated; the return of the little Rambler, after playing about for a few moments—all these have more in them than an unfeeling world is aware of. After some remarks on the part of my companion, connected with farming and the breeding of cattle, we journeyed on, whilst one of the flock, a lamb as white as the driven snow, bounded and curvetted, with much grace and agility, by the side of our chaise. It was, for some minutes, an object of mirth; after which we turned from it, and fell into conver-



sation. It, however, continued following us, so that, at the distance of about a mile, I saw its shadow in the sun. I thought it probable that the dam was not far off; but a kind of uneasiness, over which I had no control, seemed to tell me that the wanderer was alone. I looked out of the window, and found that my apprehensions were true. The wheels still turned around, distance and time accompanying them; for thus both slip away. I now called to the post-boy, and requested him to alight, and drive back the poor thing; recommending him, at the same time, merely to crack his whip, and upon no account whatever to use violence. The pretty creature stopped short, accented a complaint, looked undecided—but upon the second crack of the whip, retracted its steps. Our driver remounted, and we went on a little farther. I now felt what is vulgarly called fidgety. I gave unconnected answers to what was said to me; I played (unknowingly) with a tassel at the chaise window: I was accused of being absent in thought—and I was so, for my mind was with the lamb. At length, I again put my head out of the window; and I shall never forget (trifling and foolish let the misanthropist and pedant call it—the proud, the ambitious, the tyrant, and the miser, together with the whole tribe of insensibles)—no I shall never forget the attitude of the strayed lamb; it hesitated, looked one way and the other, bleated loud and sorrowful, and, after a short pause, started after us again. I could now contain myself no longer, but, calling out to our driver the second time to stop, I let down the step, and without further preface or apology to my friend, proceeded towards the weak and gentle animal: 'It must be fatigued,' said I to myself; it will never be able to regain its native field; it must die, if it is severed from its dam: to take it and advertise it, to attempt to bring up by hand, might fail to be successful.'—But I confess I thought far less of the owner of the flock, than I did of the bleeding bosom of maternal love: as I approached, the little runaway receded, and I was now in a dilemma, from which my companion relieved me by coming up at the moment, and, just as I was going to address him, by saying, 'No apology, I beg of you; I know your meaning without a word: we will walk back to the sheepfold.' I could have hugged him to my bosom for this act of sympathy, but silence is often more eloquent than the most flowery language; I shook him cordially by the hand, and folding my arm in his, we walked leisurely and gravely in a retrograde direction: the driver, who had not caught soft sensibility's infection, appeared to grumble; but I appeased him by assuring him, that the road and his time should both be paid for. We had proceeded about five hundred yards, when I perceived the mother travelling after the young lost one, with every nerve and sinew strained, bleating and bemoaning, drooping the head, and in all possible apparent agony; the strayed one perceived her, and leaped with joy at perceiving her; a few moments united them, and the scene was truly affecting. Never did I ascend the step of a travelling carriage with heart and feet so light; a weight was taken off my spirits: I satisfied a small but gratifying duty of humanity, and I felt more pleased than if I had gained a lawsuit or a victory. What do I say? There is no

comparison; for in this act, all the created beings concerned were made happy; in the other case, man must injure man in some shape; and if blood gained not the ascendancy, wounded feelings and divided friendships must pay the sacrifice: but here was all gain and no loss.

'To bring back the strayed lamb to the sheepfold, is no bad account of a day's transactions; but it was impossible that my interior should lead me no further; this link of life's chain was not a single one; there are wanderers still more heart commanding than this pretty, defenceless, and hopeless quadruped: objects of more profound anxiety, and whose well-doing or aberrations call upon the vigilant eye and throbbing bosom of man, attract our sympathy, share our gentlest, our warmest affections, and claim our protective watchfulness; the first of our best feelings is to love and succor them; it is a law dictated by inclination, and written in brightest characters of light above; a law, the observance of which pays for the delightful task—a task where mercy and love unite in one pure and chaste embrace, where hand in hand, and heart linked to heart, these sister virtues are inseparable. Blessed! for ever blessed! be the affectionate soul and strong nervous arm which are exerted to rescue the forlorn and lost wanderer—the lamb of human form, which has artlessly and unsuspectingly been misled from the family fold, the parental roof, which protected her infant innocent years, under which her angel-like smiles first opened on a parent's fond sight, and where peace and safety hovered round her couch of repose! May the powers of that hand, which holly led her back, never fail in the hour of danger, nor be poor and unprovided when the wretched seek its aid! May that tongue, borrowing eloquence from a divine source which pleads in the wanderer's cause, and effects reconciliation and peace of mind restored; never lose its plea at that tribunal, from whence grace and mercy derived their existence! and O! may that deed stand chronicled when brass and marble moulder and decay, and when the worm shall be the bed fellow of what was

#### THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

##### A Looking-glass for Burchard's face.

Br. Russel Streeter, of Woodstock, Vt. has just published a work entitled '*Mirror of Calvinistic Fanatical Revivals, or Jedediah Burchard & Co. during a Protracted Meeting of Twenty Six days in Woodstock, Vt to which is added the Preamble and Resolution of the town, declaring said Burchard a nuisance to society.*'

We have obtained from this book the best idea of Jedediah Burchard, and his hypocritical schemes and pretences, that we have ever had. Burchard is as great an impostor as Matthias, and has done more to injure society.—We cannot consider the clergy who support him, honest men. They know they are not; for they entertain the same opinion of themselves that others entertain of them. They are aware, we have no doubt, of their heartless hypocrisy. Br. Streeter has done the public great service in the work before us. We seem in reading, to be present at the meeting—and we imagine at once the confusion, the impiety and wickedness of such a scene. Let the book be circulated wherever Burchard is likely to go. We know of nothing better calculated to stay his proceedings. We are very sorry that we

did not receive a copy of the work until this late hour.

For the benefit of our readers, we extract that part of the work which relates to putting up special prayers. It seems that Burchard takes his stand in the pulpit, and calls on the people to put up requests for any thing they desire, and then one by one, all over the house, the requests are made. But let Br. Streeter proceed.

'To give any description of the multifarious concern of offering up requests for prayers,—getting people into the anxious seats, and the inquiry room, and the little children into Mrs. Burchard's department,' or school, so that people who never witnessed the scheme of operations, can have adequate conceptions of it will be impossible. It puts description at total defiance. Although I witnessed so much of it myself, it seems, as said a clergyman to-day, like a dream. I can hardly believe it possible that such senseless ceremonies and groundless incivilities—such ranting and flummery—could have been practised or tolerated by a people, as distinguished for their intelligence and decorum, as the inhabitants of this village, town and vicinity. Would to God that my duty to my fellow citizens and the christian religion would allow me to close by saying, 'Tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph!'—But 'murder will out,' and 'spiritual wickedness in high places' must be exposed. God of mercy and truth, sustain thy servant in the discharge of this unwelcome duty.

#### REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

Mr. Burchard told his hearers on Thursday, P. M. that in order to have a revival, they must bring in their requests for prayers and pile them right up before God Almighty, and in due time he would look them over, and answer them, one after another. He said, 'I have known hundreds, nay thousands of instances in which parents brought in their requests for their child, a son or a daughter who was hundreds of miles off, without letting the child know any thing about it, and as soon as the mail could bring them word, they would receive the joyful intelligence of the child's conversion. The same is true of children offering requests for unregenerate parents; brothers for sisters, and sisters for brothers. God looked over their requests, and sent his Holy Spirit right into the heart of the unconverted, as quick as that;' (slapping his hands together.)

'And you must put up requests for all the different professions in this place; for the merchants, mechanics, and clerks; for the young men in particular, who are led astray by the devil and his servants, and are going down to hell; and for apprentices, and young children. And for all the towns round about, Windsor, and Hartland, and Pomfret, and Bridgewater, and Perkinsville, and Springfield,' &c. &c.

'Don't be afraid of putting up too many requests—pile them up, table them up before God Almighty, and he will look them all over, just as a merchant does a bundle of orders, and answer them, one after another, till they are all disposed of. I have known many cases, (some of which he named) in which requests were offered for persons who were opposed to the revival, and were laughing or swearing about it, and if the church kept praying, and praying, and wrestling with God, they were



brought upon their knees, in their offices, or stores, or workshops, or in the fields or streets, without mistrusting the cause of it. The Holy Ghost is hovering, hovering right over this audience; this moment, anxious to obey the voice of prayer and convert souls; and the angel Gabriel is waiting and listening to hear your requests, and carry the news right up to the throne of God.

'And now, I offer requests to Almighty God, that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon Woodstock, especially upon the professional men of all classes, and upon the merchants, mechanics, and young people, that they may be converted to God and be saved from eternal hell. Don't wait, brother, sister, a moment; pile up your requests here, (striking the desk) before God Almighty.' Then commenced the great work. We shall give a few specimens, but not be particular as to the order or time in which they were laid upon the Lord's table, or rather, Mr. Burchard's. It must be understood, once for all, that he makes the replies and responses,

'I request prayers for the church of Christ in Chester, that the work of God may continue to go on in that place.' I join in the request of brother Burnap. *Liberty still.* 'I request that the little spark of fire which has begun to burn in Charlestown, N.H. may be kindled to a flame.' Very well; brother Luke Brown, of Springfield, asking prayers for Charlestown, N.H. that sink of iniquity, abominable infidelity and all manner of wickedness. I mean to visit that place as soon as possible, and lay siege to that strong hold of the devil, the prince of the power of the air. *Liberty still—speak fast.* 'I request prayers for the young men in this place and in Charlestown.' Just right; Mr. Stevens from Charlestown, a young convert. *Liberty still.* Then rose a very spruce, fine looking young lady; and offered a request in such a gentlemanly manner and with such a silken voice, that I could not hear so as to remember what she said. But Mr. B. exclaimed with rapture, 'Very well, daughter, inclining his head gently; Miss Brown, a young convert from Springfield. Don't be afraid to bring in your requests, daughters, and set an example for others.' Then another beautiful damsel rose and offered a request for some young person or persons, whether male or female, I do not recollect; but it was done becomingly. Mr. B. was in his element again, and cried out, very well, very well; Miss Morton, from Springfield, daughter of the minister there, and converted at the late revival. Then came in requests of all forms and sizes, from different parts of the house, many of them from persons whom Mr. B. claimed as his converts, from the towns he had recently visited; and some of them were given off in such a vain tossing manner, that I forbear to call names. They were stationed about the house in such a manner as to produce the greatest effect, having come here on purpose to help the preacher set fire to the mass of combustible materials. But to proceed.

'I request prayers for myself and family including my five children who have not experienced religion.' I join in the request of Judge Hutchinson; remember that when you come to pray. [See page 18, near the top.] *Liberty still.* 'I request prayers for all the officers of the sheriff department, in Windsor county, &c. that they may faithfully discharge their duties.' Very well; remember Gen. Bowen's request;—it is very important that all public

officers, especially Sheriffs, should be temperate, pious men, fearing God, and having the hope of salvation in their souls. I join in that request. [We would remark here, that knowing the character and habits of Gen. Bowen, we had no doubt that his prayer would be answered so far as he is concerned, unless Mr. B. changed him essentially for the worse; which, we are happy to believe, was not the case.] *Liberty still.* 'I request prayers for the church of Christ in Corinth, and for the Methodists and Baptists.' Your name, sir? Morgan. Yes, brother Morgan, &c. *Liberty still.* Then Deacon Dana requested prayers for more than the pious man mentioned in Mr. B's first sermon; and C. Marsh, Esq. put up a request which excited the preacher's special attention. Then a very serious old gentleman by the name of Cobb, requested prayers for 'a son, who was out of the ark of safety, [meaning I suppose, that he had renounced the true faith, and embraced partialism,] and for the whole human family.'—That was a damper to the auctioneer in spiritual things. He did not make 'merchandise of souls' upon so large a scale. Then rose another, offering a 'request for an unconverted brother.' What is your name, daughter? It was given. Very well. And so it went on, request after request, for the conversion of a 'wife,' a 'son,' a daughter, 'a brother in the state of Maine,' 'a son-in-law and three grand-children in the Western part of New York,' 'an uncle, aunt, and two cousins, in Boston, or Baltimore, or New-Orleans, or Ohio, or some-where else.' And, in each case, the name of the petitioner was mentioned, a word of approbation given, and the echo, 'very well, liberty still,' kept up. Sometimes three or four would be up at a time, and Mr. B. would catch and drive on equal to any auctioneer, when bids come in rapidly.—He had a minister at each elbow to whisper the names to him of such as they knew;—unless indeed, as was frequently the case, they were laughing or smiling so hard, that they could not speak; and then he would inquire and announce the name, whether right or wrong, as the case might be, and drive on again, with double speed. If the wheels began to roll tardily, the preacher would put on more steam, or add more fuel to the fire, by offering a 'request for Norwich, and Strafford, and Montpelier, and Burlington, and Middlebury, and the whole State of Vermont;' and add—'liberty still.'—Then doctor Gallup, and Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. M'Laughlin, and 'that Methodist brother,' (as Mr. B. called a real zealot, who kept crying out upon the stairs of the pulpit) and Mr. and Mrs. and Miss, without enumeration, would offer requests.

'At length a zealous Limitarian in the left hand gallery requested prayers, that 'the Judges, Deacons, and Lawyers of Woodstock, might be converted, and become honest men.' But Mr. B. could not join in that request. It appeared that he thought it was asking 'too much.' And, besides, the request seemed to give a preference to honesty and fair dealing, he thought of course, that it must have come from a Universalist! Hence, he broke ground. Said he,—'I trust that my hearers are gentlemen, if they are not all Christians. If I was a Universalian, I would conduct myself with propriety in every meeting. Were I to go to a Universalian meeting, I would not disturb their exercise, or show by any sign or look, but that I was pleased. I would not offer any

request, inconsistent with the object of their meetings.'

I rose and asked Mr. B. why he named Universalians, in particular? He replied, mildly that nothing personal or disrespectful was intended. Requests poured in again as usual, and soon, a very pious, well-meaning lady of this village, 'requested prayers that Mr. Streeter might get converted and become a useful Christian minister.' I thanked her for her good intentions, and then turning to Mr. Borchard, remarked, that I did not blame the good woman in the least, but would not wish,—Here Mr. Borchard interrupted me, by telling me to take my seat, and he would talk the matter over. I replied,—'not so Mr. Borchard—I shall do my own talking, sir—I was going to say, that I did not wish to disturb your meeting in the least, or do any thing ungentlemanly; but I am not willing to have my name bandied about as is the custom here, lest it should be reported abroad that I approve these measures, when in truth, I consider them sheer deceptions and impositions upon the people. That is all, I have to say, sir.'

Mr. B. approved what I had done—said he should do exactly so, if it was his case,—put his veto on all such requests, and treated the matter in a gentlemanly manner.

A great variety of requests were introduced, one, by Mr. Wm. Bell, that Mr. Burchard might not misquote and pervert the scriptures, &c.—But no notice was taken of petitions so inconsistent with the objects of the meeting.

'Now it must be understood and kept in mind that these petitions were repeated publicly, twice each day, during the whole meeting. Liberty was taken with persons of all descriptions, and their names mentioned as subjects of special prayer, even if it was known that they were opposed to it. Not a few, we have reason to believe, were startled and overcome, by hearing the preacher's noisy harangue, when their names were mentioned. And besides, as it was not known but that all these persons had been struck under conviction, and desired prayers, the splendid array of names, had a thrilling effect upon the tender sensibilities of the young, the ignorant, and unreflecting.

Mr. B. took the staff in his own hand, and gave directions how as well as when to pray. He told them repeatedly, not to pray about any thing but what concerned that meeting. To remember as many of the requests as they could, in prayer, and then cluster the rest right up together, just as a clerk would the unarranged papers of his employer, and bring them before God, and he would separate them, and arrange them, and answer the demands of prayer, as soon as convenient and proper. They must not pray too long, in public, or in prayer meetings; but when they thought they had prayed half long enough to stop right there. That was the very spot where they should leave off. When they were in their closets, they might pray for hours, or even all night, as some had done in Springfield, and other places. But in social prayer they must remember what he told them, drop upon their knees, and agonize with God Almighty, a short time, and then stop, and let another begin right where the first left off. Here Mr. B. mimicked cold, dull praying in laughable style, and told a crank story about Whitefield and an old formalist, which excited the risibility of the audience.

When the names of distinguished persons



were handed in, he would take fire and go off rousing: declaring his conviction that every soul of them would be converted; giving some accounts of conversions in other places, Lockport, or Rochester, under exactly similar circumstances. In this artful manner did he work upon the feelings and fears of some men of good talents. They had never thought much upon the subject, had got an educational leaning towards marvellous conversions, and were, therefore, taken by surprise, and overcome.

'When Gen. Mower, Dr. Palmer, and Mr. Metcalf were named, the preacher foretold their conversions at once. For some reason, the name of Metcalf seemed to occupy an uncommon share of his attention. I heard Burchard say repeatedly, that Mr. Metcalf would be converted—he knew it, for God had given him an evidence of it, in his soul. He also proclaimed that a Mr. Dana from Castleton, who came over here on purpose to get religion, had succeeded, and had gone home after his wife, and she would soon be on the ground, and be converted, as quick (striking his hands together) as that! He said he had written to Mr. Lyman, Esq. of Burlington—son-in-law to Hon. C. Marsh, to come immediately, and get salvation, and Mr. Lyman would be here soon, and the people would see the efficacy of prayer. But, alas! Mr. E. proved to be a false prophet, for Mr. Metcalf was not converted—and Mrs. Dana and Mr. Lyman did not make their appearance.

'However, the noise about them served to alarm many weak minds, so that, although like Mr. Fingal's gun 'took a wide aim and kicked the owner over,' yet, as said the Ex-president, 'he shot a duck and killed a plover.'

'One thing more, and this farcical concern is ended. He said, it is like this. The Bank of Woodstock, just before the great pressure in the money market came on, promised to discount papers for five men, of a thousand dollars each, at given times. Well, the time for the first discount arrives, and Mr. Johnson calls on the cashier, Mr. Marsh, for the money.—But he says, I can't do it, the times are very hard, and I have not discounted a paper for a month. But Mr. J. says, here is your name, sir, and will you break your promise? And finally, Mr. Marsh yields, and hands over the money. Then comes the next, and the next, till the last, and each one by perseverance, succeeds in getting his paper discounted. Just so it will be, if you keep to these very requests, and do not bring in a thousand other things.—God will hear you, look over the requests one after another, and at last grant them.

'Such was the continual repetition and slang about requests, for nearly four weeks in succession. And the reader is solemnly assured, that the above feeble attempt at description, falls immeasurably short of the senseless ceremonies and endless repetitions of the reality.'—pp. 67 74.

That conversation of religion will always be suspected, that apparently occurs with interest. He that never finds his error, till it hinders his progress towards wealth and honor, will not be thought to love truth only for herself. Yet it may happen, information may come at a commodious time, and as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, the one may, by accident, introduce the other.—Dr. Johnson.

## INQUIRER AND ANCHOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1835.

*Illustration of scripture.*—'Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily, I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.'

This passage has been frequently quoted in application to a general judgment subsequent to the resurrection, and of course in proof of endless torment. And no part of divine revelation is, perhaps, more convenient than this, to 'nail with scripture' the wild fancies of men relative to a future judgment. The allusion here made to a process of civil law has been converted into a literal description of a great tribunal and the process which it is supposed will be adopted to administer justice in the future world. Without much regard to consistency in the application of the passage, the 'adversary' is supposed to be the Deity himself;—the 'judge' is explained to be his only Son, the person who expressly declares, 'I came not to judge the world, but to save the world';—the 'officer' is supposed to be death, and the 'prison,' hell. With this exposition, the passage, though greatly misapplied and perverted, has been turned to a very good account in describing the 'awful realities' of another world, as if judicial proceedings in a future state were to resemble the petty courts of justice in this life. The 'prison' in a particular manner, which is supposed to be a place of future misery called 'hell,' has been described with awful eloquence in all its glowing horrors. And inasmuch as there can be no deliverance from it, until the uttermost farthing is paid, it has been contended that the imprisonment, in that awful place, will be endless, because no one, imprisoned there will have any thing to satisfy the demand and buy his release. And Universalists, especially, it is supposed, must lie in that prison through eternity, having 'got no grace' during life, and taken no means to avoid it.

All this goes very well, and is received as a wonderful display of truth, by those who know nothing of the logical subjects, except what they feel, or may have felt in their lives, at a protracted meeting, or some other place of equal excitement and fanaticism. And Methodists in particular—peradventure some in the vicinity of Ludlow, Mass.—seem to suppose that Universalism is completely annihilated by the evidence derived from this passage. But it needs only a careful examination of the context, to show that this view is an entire perversion of the passage, and a wide departure from the meaning intended to be conveyed by the sacred writer. Even orthodox commentators sometimes give a different and more correct view of the passage.—Dr. A. Clarke, the oracle of the Methodist denomination, in his comments upon it, says:—'Those who make the adversary God; the judge, Christ; the officer death; and the prison, hell, abuse the passage and highly dishonor God.' And yet his own brethren, the Methodists do, not unfrequently, make this very God-dishonoring application which the Dr. condemns. And in doing it they, not only dishonor God, but involve themselves in inconsistency. They suppose the adversary will deliver the person who does not agree with him, to the judge after death, to receive his sentence; and yet before he can be thus delivered to the judge, he is delivered, by the judge, to the officer, which is death, and then cast immediately into prison. He is therefore cast into prison without trial and without sentence. And he cannot, after death, be summoned before the judge to receive his doom, unless the judge, or some one else sees fit to 'foot the bill,' for he shall by no means come out thence till the uttermost farthing is paid. This view of the

subject would completely overthrow the idea of a judgment after death. And not only so, but those who adopt it, in their eagerness to cast others into the great prison house of an endless hell, involve themselves in gross inconsistencies; and we can assure them that 'they shall by no means come out thence,' until they have learned more wisdom and humility.

With these remarks, designed to show the incorrectness of the usual application, we come to a direct explanation of the passage under consideration. The scope of the writer, in this passage and the context with which it stands connected, seems to have been to enforce the duty of fraternal love, and christian kindness among his disciples. Whatever difference might exist among them ought to be reconciled before they become true christians, or offer unto the Lord an acceptable sacrifice. 'Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and then rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.' And our Savior proceeds to enforce the exhortation here given, as Dr. A. Clarke very justly observes, 'from the consideration of what was deemed prudent in ordinary law-suits. In such cases men should make up matters with the utmost speed; as running through the whole course of a law-suit must, not only be vexatious, but be attended with great expense; and, in the end, though the loser may be ruined, yet the gainer has nothing.' It would be so in regard to differences among the disciples; unless a reconciliation was effected immediately, the breach would be widened and rendered far more difficult to heal. Hence the passage under consideration is a mere reference to the judicial proceedings of our Savior's time, designed to illustrate and enforce an important christian duty; and has no allusion to a fiery prison in another existence. And those who apply it in such a manner, both torture the passage and do injustice to the Son of man.

The adversary then is 'properly a plaintiff in law.'—It can be neither Deity nor the devil, for God never was an adversary to any one; and no one would be required to 'agree' with the devil. But in case of difficulties and disputes among men, if one man becomes angry with, or opposed to, another, the one may be called the adversary of the other. And without immediate reconciliation the difficulties might lead to disastrous consequences. Hence follows the exhortation 'agree with thine adversary.' As a noted writer has it, 'agree, and compound with thine adversary quickly, lest he be exasperated by thy stubbornness and provoked to insist upon the utmost demand, and will not make thee the abatement which at first he would have made.'

This remark very appropriately explains the last clause of the passage,—'thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.'—Obstinacy may induce the spirit of retaliation, and cause a plaintiff, where any advantage can be taken, to carry his points to the utmost rigor of the law. It should be remembered also that the civil law in ancient times, was more severe and arbitrary than at the present day, more so, at least, than in this country at the present time. Hence there was greater necessity of being reconciled—of agreeing with the adversary. And the importance of conciliation and fraternal love was increased, by the peculiar circumstances in which the early christians were placed. Surrounded, as they were, with enemies, bitter and violent—enemies of Jesus and his religion, they were very liable to be drawn away; and, in consequence of 'persecution and tribulation, because of the word,' to 'forsake their first love.' And in doing this, they would be exposed to, and perhaps involved in, all the tremendous calamities that were coming upon the nation. And if cast into prison—into the furnace of fire, which was at Jerusalem, (Isa. 31. 9) or into 'gehenna fire' mentioned in the



context, they should not indeed come out thence till the uttermost farthing was paid. There was a propriety therefore in enforcing the duty of union, harmony and christian kindness. And no more forcible figure could be adopted to illustrate and enforce these things, than an appeal to a process of civil law in an extreme case at that age of the world.

Such is believed to be a correct application of the passage that stands at the head of this article. It is far from affording the least evidence of a future state of torture, from which there is no redemption. The most that can be said of it—and that cannot be said in truth—is that it is a 'metaphorical representation of the procedure of the great judge.' And even if this is the case, as Dr. Clarke very justly remarks, 'let it ever be remembered, that by the consent of all (except the basely interested) no metaphor is even to be produced in proof of any doctrine. In the things that concern our eternal salvation, we need the most pointed and express evidence on which to establish the faith of our souls.'—When *Methodists* apply this passage in proof of a future judgment and endless misery, shall we say that they are 'basely interested?' It is unnecessary, for their own commentator has said it for us. We recommend to them to read his writings, as well as the Bible, a little more attentively, and they may discover many errors in their religious opinions. And when discovered, we hope they will have honesty enough to confess and reject them.

R. O. W.

BERLIN, N. Y.—We have received a letter from Mr. James Jones, touching an article which we some time since inserted, in reference to the place above named. Mr. Jones wishes us to correct an erroneous impression which he thinks our article calculated to convey, to our readers concerning the true state of affairs in Berlin. We are perfectly willing to correct any errors into which we may at any time be betrayed; but really we do not see that we have done injustice in the present case, Mr. J. himself being judge. The passage to which Mr. J. objects is found in the 13th vol. *Inq. & Anchor*, p. 310, and reads as follows, under the caption of 'Berlin, N. Y.' 'We have recently received a pressing invitation to visit and preach in this place, and much do we regret that it is not in our power, at present, to comply with that request. We are glad also to hear that the Unitarians and Universalists have recently completed a house of worship for their mutual accommodation.' Mr. J. says our informant was mistaken, for there is neither an organized society of Unitarians or Universalists at, or near Berlin. Very well; and who said there was? We said nothing about 'organized societies' of any kind. Mr. Jones continues. 'The truth is that last summer, sundry inhabitants of Berlin and vicinity did erect a chapel for the use of the *Christian* church and society, &c.' He further informs us that 'the constitution, embracing the principles upon which the house was built provides that said house is to be free at any and all times for any person to preach in, who professes to preach the gospel, and is of a good moral character \* \* \* except when occupied or intended to be by the society above named.' Now if Mr. Jones will answer us a couple of questions, his answers will determine whether we were or were not correct. Are the members of the *Christian* society and church in Berlin, N. Y. Unitarians or Trinitarians? Did not the Universalists in Berlin assist in the erection of the chapel, and with the express agreement that they should be accommodated with the use of it when necessary and convenient? If the Christians are in Berlin as they

are in other places, Unitarians, and if the last question is answered in the affirmative; then we do not discover that we have erred, in point of fact, or that our correspondent in any manner deceived us.

We have a word to offer here upon the subject of sectarian names and sectarian practices. We object seriously to the principle of any one denomination monopolizing the name 'Christian.' There are many sects all claiming to be christians, and yet adopting names expressive of their views of christianity.—Under these circumstances, we wish always to call things by the proper name, and when a man denies the common doctrine of the 'trinity' and advocates the 'unity' we beg leave to call him a 'Unitarian,' because, that term expresses our meaning. If we were addressing him personally, and he preferred another name, we would accommodate him. But when speaking of him to others, we shall use words to convey what we mean. We know there are some who profess to be so much afraid of sectarianism that they will answer to no name but 'Christian,' and we are equally well aware that they are sectarian after all. We know not of a more bigoted sectarian paper in the Union than the '*Christian Palladium*' which is the accredited organ of that sect in this State, and yet professes to be of no sect. In conclusion we have only to observe, that Mr. Jones, or others, may have full liberty to alter our language, in the article to which he alludes, by substituting the word 'Christian' for 'Unitarian' as often as they read it; but we presume the majority of our readers will understand it better by reading it as it is written.

I. D. W.

'A WONDER IN THREE WORLDS.' This is the title of a very pretty little steam-measure, revival handbill, sent us a short time since, by a friend in Killingworth. Similar wonderful hand-bills are to be found in the street in that place. The title, we opine, was borrowed, and perhaps without liberty, from Br. Streeter's 'Latest news from three worlds.' We suppose the handbill was designed to prevent 'sabbath breaking;' but we scarcely know which is the greatest profanation, the vice of sabbath breaking, or this attempt to suppress it. We will give the handbill entire for the special benefit of our readers.

A Wonder in three Worlds!—What can this mean! What can it possibly be?—Are you a *Sabbath Breaker*?—I hope not: but if you are, you are that Wonder!

You are a Wonder in *Heaven*!—There all are so happy, that they wonder how you can profane that blessed day which is an emblem of heaven, and which the God of heaven has commanded to be kept holy; for they well know, that if you die a Sabbath Breaker, where they are, you can never come.

You are a wonder upon *Earth*!—All true Christians enjoy such holy pleasures on the Lord's Day, that they wonder at you, and mourn over you, as an enemy to God and your own soul, while you live in the breach of the sacred day. God is pleased to say, 'Ye shall observe my Sabbaths.' But you say by your actions, 'I will not.'

You are a wonder in *Hell*!—Demons and lost souls are so miserable, that they are astonished at you, as being so great an offender against Him who could strike you dead in a moment, and send you to their place of torment.

We read in the Word of God, of one in Hell, who was so miserable that he desired his five brethren might be informed of his deplorable condition, in order that they might escape that place of torment!! Be no longer such a Wonder! Approach the Saviour as a penitent sinner, then the Angels of God will rejoice with wonder over 'one sinner that repenteth.' *Luke*, x. v. 7.

If there is wonder in three worlds that people do not universally regard the sabbath just as limitarians

regard it; we apprehend there is equal wonder that limitarians should write, publish, and circulate such consummate nonsense with a view of mending the matter. It appears they are so well acquainted with 'demons and lost souls,' as to be able to tell how much they are astonished at the transactions of men on earth. We confess we are not so familiar with the 'powers of darkness' and the concerns of a subterranean world. We study an acquaintance with Jesus Christ, rather than with demons and their desperate associates.

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus is very convenient in describing the wonder of demons in hell. But did it never occur to this handbill writer that the rich man was moved with pity and kindness instead of wonder, to desire that 'his five brethren might be informed of his deplorable condition, in order that they might escape that place of torment?'—Taking the parable a literal history, it shows that there is compassion and tenderness even in hell; much more, we apprehend, than there is on earth, among those who apply the parable as a literal history. But the greatest of all wonders in the three worlds, we imagine, is, that men, who profess to be well instructed scribes, should continue to apply as a literal history of fact, this parable, which is so evidently a parable, and draw from it their strongest proof of endless woe? This is a wonder indeed! which, however, loses in a measure its wonderful character, from the consideration that no better evidence is afforded in the scriptures, and a weak and rotten system, needs all the support it can get.

R. O. W.

A WORD OF EXHORTATION.—In looking into a volume of Saurins Sermons, our eye accidentally fell upon the following passage, which we think contains a wholesome word of exhortation.

'If the partizans of error are so zealous, should the ministers of truth languish in lukewarmness and indolence?'

It is true that we would use the terms here employed, so far as their application is conceived in a sense, directly the reverse of that in which they are employed by the preacher. What he means by a partizan of error, we mean, by a minister of truth, and '*vice versa*.' Still the sentiment of the passage is worthy of a serious thought. Let those who are engaged in promulgating the truths of the everlasting gospel, look around them, and see what the 'partizans of error,' are doing. What stores of learning! What treasures of wealth! What powers of eloquence! What constant and vigorous action, are every day employed, in defence of systems of faith, which rob God of his glory, and man of his hopes! On every hand the 'partizans of error' are busy.—Churches are thronged. Societies are organized. Gold is poured out profusely. Seminaries of learning are converted into engines of error. The press is busy, sending forth its messengers of wrath and damnation, into every nook and corner of community. The clergy are busy, and there is no exertion which the people do not make to forward the interests of their systems of faith. Let Universalists look at these things and then ask the question above noted. 'If the partizans of error are so zealous, should the ministers of truth languish in lukewarmness or indolence?' May the spirit of our holy religion forbid! And may every one that nameth the name of Christ, gird on his armor and earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

I. D. W.

G. N. H. Ripley is informed that his letter as also his former one and the enclosure is received. His directions will be complied with.



## PROTRACTED MEETINGS AMONG UNIVERSALISTS.—

In the last number of the Connecticut Observer, we find an article under this imposing title copied from the Boston Recorder. It was designed no doubt to make Universalists appear inconsistent, in opposing protracted meetings held by other denominations and at the same time holding such meetings themselves. The following is the article.

Mr. Editor.—As a mere matter of fact, it may be worthy of notice, that the Universalists held in the town of Spencer a short time since, a protracted meeting. The meeting commenced on the morning of the 8th of April, and continued till a late hour in the evening of the 9th. A large number of ministers were present, and they had three public services a day—one in the morning—one in the afternoon—and one in the evening. In the afternoon of the second day there was an installation. But I have been informed, that this did not essentially affect the duration of the meeting, as it would have continued through the two days, had there been no installation. A few years ago Universalists thought protracted meetings were bad things. They sometimes intimated, that it would be well for the civil authority to prevent them. But now they can hold *protracted meetings* themselves. A few years ago, many Universalists thought evening meetings were bad things; but now they can hold evening meetings themselves; and sometimes hold them till a late hour too. On the evening of the last day of the protracted meeting in Spencer, the exercises did not close till near ten o'clock.

April 20th, 1835.

Now we beg leave to inform the writer, of this 'mere matter of fact,' and all the endorsers and circulators of his statement, that he was either grossly ignorant of the subject on which he wrote, or else he is guilty of premeditated falsehood. Universalists never held a protracted meeting at Spencer: and, if he knew any thing about it, he knew they did not.—And if he did not know it, he is guilty of unpardonable presumption in attempting to give an account of that which he knew nothing about. On the 8th and 9th of April there was held in Spencer an annual session of the Union Association of Universalists.—And at this Association divine service was attended each day; as is always the case, and has been, at Associations and Conventions held by Universalists for fifty years past. There are now probably fifty Associations of Universalists held in the United States every year. They hold their sessions usually two days; and in addition to the business of the council, they invariably hold meetings of public worship. These meetings, however, possess not a single characteristic that could justly subject them to the name of 'protracted meetings!' They are appointed for two days, and continue two days; and never to our knowledge have they been protracted in a single instance beyond the time to which they were limited. It appears to us that the writer of the paragraph above must have known that he was misrepresenting the meeting of the Association in Spencer when he called it a protracted meeting. But we suppose, in speaking of Universalists, he came as near the truth as he could:—it is seldom that Limitarians get so near as he has.

Universalists do indeed oppose protracted meetings in their present form; for the reason that they are attended with consequences so fatal to the peace and well being of society. But they never oppose religious meetings conducted in a decent and orderly manner. And so far from opposing such meetings as the one held in Spencer, they have approved them, and held them, in almost every part of the country for fifty years past. Universalists therefore are not so very inconsistent in this respect as the correspondent of the Recorder seems inclined to

make them appear. Will the Editor of the Observer correct this mistake?

R. O. W.

CLAVELACK, N. Y.—There is a good degree of attention to the subject of Universalism in this place. On the first Sunday inst. we had the pleasure to preach in a part of the town called Smokey Hollow to a goodly number of attentive listeners to the word. Br. Whittaker of Hudson visits the brethren here frequently, and preaches the good word of the kingdom. They are now taking active measures for the erection of a house of worship, and no doubts are entertained of success. May the divine blessing attend these exertions for the spread of the everlasting gospel, and the upbuilding of Zion's cause. So the good cause prospers, and converts are multiplying as the drops of the morning dew. The good lord of the harvest, send forth laborers into his vineyard.

I. D. W.

MORE FRUITS OF REVIVALS.—A correspondent of the Magazine and Advocate writes as follows, in reference to another scene of religious fanaticism and its unhappy result:—

'We have had a protracted meeting at Howard, which lasted sixteen days. They got into their ranks about nine or ten converts, and I believe regained some backsliders, so as to make up in all nineteen. Two have 'come out' crazy; the one a male, the other a female. The man was crazy for a number of days, but is now some better. The woman is still a raving maniac, and is evidently near her end. The physician thinks it impossible for her to survive the dreadful calamity. The name of the contemtable conductor of this fanatical excitement, (perhaps properly called a religious barbacue,) is, I believe, John Sly, a man who has been caught in a bare-faced falsehood, and did not dare to confront the evidence that would prove him a liar. From such managers and such fruits of these meetings, what must the sober and enlightened part of community think of them? May the 'good Lord deliver us' from such impostors, and grant to our race the light of his salvation.

W. A.

BEEHAN INSTITUTE.—A Berean Institute has recently been formed by the Young men in Claremont N. H. similar to the Young men's Institute that has been formed in different places during the past winter. They meet every week for the purpose of obtaining useful knowledge on religious, moral and scientific subjects. 'Discussion, reading, composition, conversation &c. forms the exercises of the meetings.'

MEMOIR OF REV. J. FREEMAN.—A work of this title prepared by Br. S. R. Smith of Clinton N. Y. we understand, is now in press and will be ready for sale in a few days. Br. Freeman was in some respects a very remarkable man; and was a useful and persevering advocate of the restitution of all things. The incidents of his life, 'written in Br. Smith's happiest style,' cannot be but read with interest and profit.

The avails of the work after paying the expense of publishing are to be appropriated to the benefit of the widow and orphans of the lamented Br. Freeman.

NEW SOCIETY.—The 'Sentinel and Star' says that 'a society of Universalists was formed in Rutland Meigs Co. Ohio, on the 14th of March under peculiarly favorable circumstances.'

NOTICE.—The residence of the subscriber as also the office of the Inquirer and Anchor, in Albany will be at No. 88. Beaver Street, from and after the first of May.

I. D. WILLIAMSON.

A GOOD BARGAIN.—Our friend S. Van Schaack 392 South Market street, Albany, has on hand a number of copies of the former volumes of the Gospel Anchor, neatly bound, which may be obtained at the low price of 50 cts. the volume. Cheap enough!! I. D. W.

MEETING OF ASSOCIATIONS.—The Franklin Association will convene at West BATTLEBORO VT. on the 3d of June next. The Lamoille Association will meet at Swanton Falls Vt. on the 3d Wednesday and Thursday in June. The Northern Association will hold its annual session at Sutton Vt. on the 3d and 4 of June.

INSTALLATION.—Br. John M. Austin was installed as pastor of the Universalist Society at Danvers, North Parish, on the 29th ult.

HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION. The Hudson River Association of Universalists, will hold an extra session, in the city of New York, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th of June next. Ministering brethren and all friends are affectionately invited to attend. Per order. I. D. WILLIAMSON, Clerk.

NEW-YORK STATE CONVENTION.—The Universalist Convention of the State of New-York will hold its annual session at Cooperstown, Otsego county, on the last Wednesday and Thursday (27th and 28th days) of May inst.

## CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The present term of the Liberal Institute will close on the 8th, and the Summer term commence on the 27th day of May inst. The ladies' school of the Institute will close and commence again at the same time. The best accommodations can be had for the students.

J. STEBBINS,	{ Executive	{ T. SMITH,
D. FIKLEY,		
J. W. HALE,	{ Committee.	{ E. S. BARNUM,

\*. Editors friendly to unsectarian institutions of learning will please copy the above.

## Religious Notices.

Br. L. C. Marvin, will preach in Danbury, Conn. 3d Sabbath in May.

Br. C. Woodhouse, of Lansingburg, will preach at Newark, N. J., on the 4th Sabbath in May.

Br. W. A. Stickney will preach at Killingworth on the 5th Sunday inst. and at Durham on Monday evening June 1st.

Br. E. Loring will preach at the Baptist meeting house in Swansey, N. H. on the 3d Sabbath inst.

Br. J. H. Willis will preach at Granby on the 3d Sunday inst. and a lecture at West Suffield at 5 o'clock same day.

Br. R. O. Williams will preach at Winchester, N. H. on the 3d Sabbath inst.

Br. W. A. Stickney will preach in Burlington the 4th Sunday in May, and a lecture at New Hartford centre, at 5 o'clock.

Br. R. O. Williams will preach in Berlin on the 5th Sabbath—Br. J. Shigley will preach at West Suffield same day.

Br. J. Shigley will preach at Barkhamsted on the 4th Sabbath inst. and lecture at New Hartford in the evening of the same day—Br. Hitchcock will preach at Wolcottville same day.

Lecture in the Universalist Church, in Hartford, next Sabbath evening; subject 'Nebuchadnezzar's dream,' recorded in Dan. ii. 31—35.



## POETRY.

'There is a way which seemeth right unto man.'

Original.

There is a way, which seemeth right  
To erring, weak, deluded men:  
Darkness they put instead of light,  
And evil is as good to them.

So one in lies and slander deals,  
And seeks to blast his neighbor's name;  
Till public hate the monster feels,  
And hides his head in utter shame.

Another mov'd with lust of gain,  
Defrauds his brother of his due;  
Expected profit ends in pain,  
And conscience smites her victim through.

Another seeks in tented fields,  
For popular applause—a breath;—  
An empty sound is all that yields,  
The way of glory, war and death.

Another seeks the way of vice—  
A course of riot and excess;  
But nature pays their speedy price,—  
Protracted illness and distress.

Deluded man! there is a way!  
Of conscious peace—heart-felt delight;—  
Where happiness abides for aye;—  
The way thy Maker marks as right.  
Southampton, April 13.

D. H.

## The Pleasure Boat.

To illustrate the fearfully rapid and fatal progress of him who tastes ardent spirits, from the verge to the bottom of the gulf of Intemperance I relate what took place some twenty years ago near the western coast of Norway. So far as my knowledge extends, it has not before appeared in print. We have all heard of that tremendous whirlpool usually called 'The Maelstrom,' and by sailors, 'The Navel of the Seas.' It is but a few leagues from the western shore of the kingdom already mentioned. The water near it, is kept in the most fearful commotion. In it ships of the heaviest burden are, in an instant, shivered to atoms. The whale itself is sometimes overcome by the power of its suction, and dashed to pieces in its vortex. Its suction affects the water to a considerable distance round. And those who are so unfortunate as to come within the circle of its influence, can seldom make an effort so powerful as to escape. They are generally drawn into its funnel and perish.

On the shore, nearly opposite to this whirlpool, one fine afternoon in the month of July, a party of young ladies and gentlemen agreed to take an excursion, that evening, in a pleasure boat. They were not much accustomed to 'the dangers of the sea.' The young men could not ply the oars, as many others. But they supposed there could be no danger. All nature seemed to smile. The sunbeam briskly played on the bosom of the ocean. Calmness had thrown its oily wand on the billow and it slept. The water presenting a smooth unruffled surface, seemed a sea of glass. The most timorous would scarcely have suspected that danger, in its most terrific form, was lurking just beneath the surface.

The evening came. The young people assembled on the beach. The mellow moonbeam would tremble for a moment, and then sleep on the calm, unagitated breast of the ocean. The pleasure boat was unmoored. The party gaily

entered. The boat was moved from the shore. It was soon under way. It was rapidly propelled by those at the oars. But they discovered that it would skim gently over the bosom of the deep, when the motion produced by the oars had ceased. They allowed the boat to glide gently along. They felt no danger. All was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel in which they sailed, became gradually, but to them insensible more rapid. They were moved by the influence of the whirlpool. Their motion was rotary. They soon came round almost to the same spot from where they had sailed.—At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to be saved, a number of persons on shore who knew their danger, discovered them and instantly gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make one desperate effort, and drive it ashore if possible.—When they talked of danger, the party of pleasure laughed at their fears, and passed along without making one attempt to deliver themselves from impending ruin. The boat moved on, the rapidity of its motion continually increasing, and the circle around which it was drawn by the rotary movement of the water, becoming smaller. It soon appeared a second time to those on the land. Again they manifested their anxiety for the safety of those whose danger they saw, but who if delivered, must be delivered by their own exertions; for those on shore, even if they launched another boat and rushed into the very jaws of peril, could not save them, while they were determined to remain inactive, and be carried by the accelerated velocity of the water round this mouth of the sea, ready to swallow at once both them and their boat. They still moved along in merriment. Peals of laughter were often heard.—Sneers were the only thanks given to those, who would with delight, have saved them. For a time they continued to move round in all their thoughtlessness. Presently, however, they began to hear the tremendous roar of the vortex below. It sounded like the hoarse unsteady bellows of the all-devouring earthquake, or like the distant sea in a storm. By this time, the boat ever and anon would quiver like an aspen leaf, and then shoot like lightning through the now covered sea. Solemnity now began to banish mirth from the countenances of those in the pleasure boat. They half suspected that danger was near. Soon they felt it. When they came again in sight of land, their cries of distress would have pierced a heart of stone. 'Oh! help for mercy's sake,' was now the exclamation of despair. A thick black cloud, as if to add horror to the scene of distress, at this moment shrouded the heavens in darkness. The oars were plied with every nerve. They snapped, and their fragments were hurried into the yawning abyss. The boat now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly round, now lashed by the spray, was presently thrown with violence into the jaws of death, opened wide to receive it and the immortals whom it carried.

Thus perished the pleasure boat and all who sailed in it. And thus perished thousands in the vortex of dissipation, who at first smoothly sailed around its outmost verge, who were scarcely, as they supposed, within the sphere of its influence, and who would laugh at those who could be so faithful as to warn them of their danger. We ask the young and especially young men, to lay up in the store house of their memory, the account of the pleasure boat and its destruction. Let them remember and improve it when sinful

pleasure beckons them to its soul killing bower, and especially when any one offers them the cup which contains a single drop of that fiery death, spirituous liquors. It may, perhaps, save some, may it save all who read it, from a drunkard's untimely death, from filling a drunkard's grave.

## Character.

There is no instinct implanted in the breast of man, so universally active as the love of character. In this respect the prince on his throne, the judge on the bench, the merchant and beggar are alike. Touch them in whatever pertains to their worldly interest—their business or their wealth—and your interference, though it may indeed be rebuked, will yet be borne with comparative indifference—Tamper with them even in the matter of life—trifle with their health,—expose them to disease, and still you inflict not a deadly wound—but let the pestiferous breath of slander breathe upon their fairest hopes, you stab their happiness in its most vital part. To a man of virtuous sensibilities and refined feelings, there is nothing in life that can be placed in competition with it.—It is the chain that holds him to society, and the charm that preserves his rank. Cast a mildew upon this, and you convert his moments of pleasure into seasons of anxiety and burning anguish. Blast his fair fame, and the tinsels of fortune, and even the boon of existence compared, would be considered as of nothing worth—as even the light dust of the balance.

'He who steals my purse steals trash,  
But he, who filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which enricheth not him,  
Though it makes me poor indeed.'

This sentiment of the illustrious Shakespeare is but an expression of the common feelings of mankind. It comes home to the heart, stamped with the living impress of truth. The 'purse' may indeed be rifled by the hand of the 'robber,' the treasures of earth may be despoiled by the moth and the canker-worm—property may 'take to itself wings and fly away;' yet what are these all worth, when compared with 'my good name!' The hand of industry may again enable me to hoard the valued things of life. The 'sweat of the brow' may rear another habitation to shelter my defenceless head from the cold drivings of the winter storm and tempest; but no industry, no labor of years, no weeping, no gushing of tears from the fountains of grief, can restore a blasted character.

## Marriages.

At Chesterfield, Mass. by Rev. Israel G. Rose, Mr. Hazeltin Walkley, of this city, to Miss Helen Bancroft, only daughter of Dyar Bancroft Esq. of the former place.

At East Hartford, Mr. Samuel F. Tickner, of Coventry, to Miss Esther Porter, of the former place.

## Deaths.

In this city, on Tuesday morning last, Miss Mary Fox, aged 18, daughter of Mr. Gurdon Fox.

In this city, Jason Henry, son of Mr. Jason Sage,

## REMOVAL.

THE OFFICE of the Inquirer and Anchor is removed to the building formerly owned and occupied by Mr. N. Ruggles in Main St. a few rods south west of the State House square.

Hartford, April 1835.